




ANDERSON COLLEGE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

1980-81



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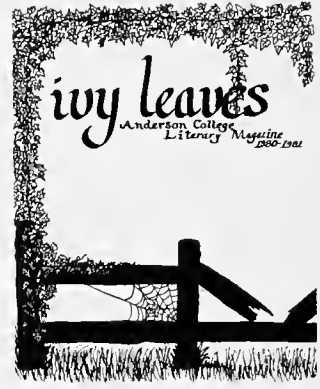
Dear Reader,

It is with great pleasure that the 1980-1981 staff of **Ivy Leaves** presents these poetic, artistic, and photographic works. We hope that you will enjoy reading these selections that we have chosen. Special thanks to all who entered works and to all who devoted time to help with the production of this part of Anderson College. Enjoy.

Andy Philhower  
Editor, 1980-1981

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These cover designs were created by students in Ms. Susan Wooten's Design Class. They all deserve honorable mention, but special congratulations are due Susan A. Ware for her winning design.



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# WINNERS: A.C. WRITING CONTEST

## POETRY

### First Place

### Proud Folk

Dez walls ben a keppin' us thu tick an' tin  
Thu' de hot'es sum'mas  
An' som o' de wurst stoms I ben in  
What e'va da wetha,  
Wez ben a livin', wez ben a livin'.

Wez plow'd de fields till our finga's ache  
Our rag'ed bonz break  
'Till we mus' keep de fam'ly till da'break  
Wez fill dem wit luv  
Tis a livin', tis a livin'.

Now ye say "Tis a'int no livin'  
Stop de plowin'  
Move fro' de cuntry, de ciddy is bed'der"  
But wez proud folk  
And tis our livin', tis our livin'.

- Kim T. Richey

# Happening . . .

Is a time to love and be loved  
A time to care and be cared.  
It's a time to find out and be found out  
A time to love God and to be loved by God.  
It's a time to cry and a time to be joyful.  
It is also a time in which you can grow.  
It is a time to be with old friends and to make new friends.  
It is a time for anything.  
It's a time to look at stars  
A time to get others wet.  
It's a time to think and yet . . .  
It is a time in which anything and everything is HAPPENING!

**Second Place**

GOD

- Ayn-Martha Joyce

This night they have come uncertain, hearing  
No quiet, no sound; some hover in near  
Twilight on the horizon-line unsafe;  
They have come shaped in bent, curious robes  
And comely silver clothes, mantled with  
Cypress and unwrought masonry; they have  
Come to visit the coarse, wooden stall of  
Them grazing still; they have come beside the  
Doors, hunched and stiffly imminent, unaware  
Of the commotion beneath them; in crooked  
Twilight, a number of a man, lifting  
A lofty, clamorous wing, crouch and  
Stagger, to vanish and reappear, an  
Enormous head bobbing down to the grasses.

**Third Place**

- Michael Dodd

## Short Story Winner

### “Burgandy Ink”

“This must be a hoax,” thought Detective Oliver as he stepped quickly up the stairs. He was pleading with his thoughts, trying to make the scene he was about to see go away merely by wishing it to. “Please be a hoax,” he muttered to himself. But it wasn’t a hoax. He stepped up on the landing of the cheap apartment building and forced his way through the throng of curious onlookers. “Why don’t you go away?” he thought. “It might happen to any of you people!” He glanced around the room at the mindless stares, then down at the floor.

An old woman lay face down in a pool of blood. A huge gash had been cut where her neck joined her shoulders. On top of the body lay a note written in burgandy ink. A quill pen was placed on top of the piece of paper.

Detective Oliver picked up the note carefully, so as not to smear any fingerprints which could be on it. But the police department had learned from the first victim that this killer didn’t make mistakes like leaving fingerprints at the scene of the crime.

The note was much like the rest:

Dear Oliver,  
Haven’t figured it out yet, have you?  
A bit too smart - that’s me, isn’t it?  
Well, that’s too bad.

It was always like this. Every one of the murders was committed in the same block. All were committed indoors. The victims were always stabbed. The weapon was never left behind. And all of the bodies were accompanied by a note written in burgandy ink and a quill pen. The newspapers had reported after the first murder that the note was written “in scarlet ink.” But the next note cleared that up:

I see where the news media thinks that  
first note was written in scarlet. That’s  
sensationalism for you. Scarlet is too exotic  
as you can tell from this note - my ink is burgundy.

After the newspapers started covering the murders and mentioning Detective Oliver’s connection with the case, all of the notes were written to him. They chided him, daring him to find out who the killer was. But the killer had made no mistakes so far, at least none the police department could find.

Detective Oliver looked up from the note. He looked around the room. Members of the homicide department were taking measurements of everything in the room. They dusted everything for fingerprints. EMTs covered the body and removed it on a stretcher.

Oliver stood up and looked around the room. It was the same bunch of rubber-neckers that had assembled every previous time.



"Do you know who did it, Detective Oliver?" asked a familiar voice. Oliver recognized it as belonging to Mrs. Haney, who was the "head of the custodial department" according to her employers. She simply considered herself as "head maid."

"No, Mrs. Haney. I'm afraid we don't." He turned to see her sad face and large, expressive eyes. "She shouldn't even be there," he thought.

"Is it that same nasty killer?"

"Yes Ma'am, it looks like it is."

"That's Vera Laird," said Mrs. Haney, motioning out the door to the ambulance. Mrs. Haney knew everyone on the block. Some she didn't like; some scared her; but all of them she knew.

"You knew her?"

"Oh my yes. She was such a nosy person - always poking her nose into other's affairs."

Oliver nodded absent-mindedly. His mind was elsewhere. He tried to imagine who could be doing this. Was it someone who always showed up in the crowd? Someone from outside of the neighborhood? Someone who was once in the neighborhood? He looked back around the room again. He saw Mrs. Haney again and smiled. She had taught his Sunday school class while he was young. She was notoriously well-liked, and his parents had always invited her to supper or Sunday dinner at least once a month. She had been widowed before he was born, and she had never remarried. He liked her very much. He thought about her living in a neighborhood with such a ruthless cutthroat. He looked back around the room at all of the people. None of them should be here, but every time something of interest would happen, they would fairly knock each other down to see what had occurred, no matter how grisly the circumstances. Even Mrs. Haney. She was older than everyone else in town, but she always showed up to take a peek.

"Excuse me, everyone, but could you all please go home? It's not good for you to be walking around at night. It's dangerous. So why don't you all go back to your rooms?"

The room slowly began to empty. Mrs. Haney was the last one out the door. "Good night, Steve."

Mrs. Haney walked out the door and down the hall to her room. The door wasn't locked and she walked right in. She felt a chill as she closed the door. She turned around and saw that her window was open. The cold late-Autumn wind blew the shades willowly.

"I don't remember leaving that window open," thought Mrs. Haney. She pulled her shawl tightly around her, walked over to the window, and closed it.

She walked over to a desk and pulled out a drawer. She heard a noise and turned around with a start. Behind her stood Billy, a young man who helped her around the apartment building with the "custodial" duties.

"Billy! Good Lord, boy! You nearly scared the living daylights out of me." She turned back around to the desk. When she turned, Billy pulled a long hunting knife from behind his back. Mrs. Haney, not noticing, reached into the drawer.

"Is there anything else you want me to do tonight, Mrs. Haney?"

"Yes, Billy, as a matter of fact, there is one more person." She reached into the drawer and removed a quill pen and a bottle of burgandy ink. "Poor Oliver. He'll never get me," she said aloud, more to herself than to her faithful killer.

## **Drama Winner**

# **Dial Advice**

Introduction: For centuries whenever a person had a problem, he or she would pick up the phone and ask the operator for "Dial-A-Prayer", but times have changed and so have people. Now whenever a person has a problem he or she will call "Dial Advice"!

Hi out there! - all you guys and gals. It's time for your soon to be number 1 show: Da-Da-Da, Dial Advice. My name is Dr. Timothy N. Townsend and I'm certainly glad to be your host for the first of a series of "free" medical advice programs and soon to be your favorite number 1 show Da-Da-Da, Dial Advice!

If you have not noticed my 3 initials are "T.N.T." and that means "Dynamite!" I'm so brilliant that it is pitiful. Do you have a bothersome problem which needs to be solved by a brilliant man like me? Do these pesty problems need immediate attention? If they do, then don't call Billy Graham, or the Sunshine Boys, but just pick up your nearest phone and ask the operator for Da-Da-Da, Dial Advice!

Ring . . . . . Ring . . . . .

Ah Ha! our first case!

Yes, I'm the brilliant Dr. Timothy N. Townsend, and your name madam? Betty Bark - Ha! Ha! Ha! Why me? Why do I always get the crazy ones? Betty, since you were the first victim, Uh, first person to call in today, you will receive 10 bushels of onions. That's right, they are out of season, but we have been saving these for this special occasion. If the wind is blowing right, you may smell them before they even arrive!

Now for your problem madam, what - you feel neglected, unwanted, and think that mother nature deprived you of your true beauty. You honestly believe you are a "Has Been", and that your only hope of looking beautiful is in the kennels. My-my, that is serious! Fortunately for you ma'm the remedy is readily at hand.

Friends, this is one of my most challenging cases and may be a first on this show. This will require a few seconds of concentration. First of all, some authorities would recommend "Mud Packs" for beauty problems, but in your case, I'll have to recommend my own special formula of El Cemento Packo.

Have you ever considered that your unwanted feelings may be connected to an “Oder Problem”, and even your best friends won’t tell you, instead they stand upwind of you every chance they can. An immediate stop at your friendly Veterinarian can get you a first class wash and deoderant, and for a small additional charge, possibly a flea dip and brushing with a hair trim around the eyes. More stubborn odors will require more drastic measures, like an application of my newest discovery, El Tail-O-De-Skunko or El Stinko as it is better known in family circles. I must caution you that excessive use of El Stinko can cause you to lose the hair where applied!

For that “Doggie Feeling”, think positively, if you can’t beat them, join them. Tomorrow morning, surprise your husband by bringing in the morning paper between your teeth. If he doesn’t pat you on the head, try switching to raw meat, starting with his leg, in which I guarantee immediate attention. Thank you ma’m, I’m happy to have solved another of life’s little problems.

Ring . . . . . Ring . . . . .

Yes, this is old T.N.T. speaking. Oh! How do you do sir? You’re upset, unhappy, and want to wring someone’s neck like a chicken! Who do you want to choke sir?

What! Me! Friendly loveable T.N.T. . . . But . . . and you are going to sue! Why? Oh my! . . . . That . . . was . . . your wife I just gave advice to . . . (pause) Attention! Attention! We interrupt this program to bring you the following important message from the management.

Dear Listeners, the management regrets to inform you that the proceding featuring Dr. Timothy N. Townsend has been canceled due to popular demand, therefore, if any of you listening have a problem, the management recommends you contact Billy Graham or the Sunshine boys.

- William B. Horvath



# Small Miracles

The sound of a whippoowill at night,  
or that of a sparrow in the morn,  
is just a very small miracle  
that the Mighty Lord has performed.

The starting few steps of a baby's first walk,  
or the starting of a blossoming flower,  
shows just how loving this Mighty Man is  
and the beauty which He beholds.

The giving up of someone you love most dearly  
is the hardest thing anyone else can do,  
but this Mighty Man gave up His only Son  
for the likes of me and you.

So remember, my friend, with the sounds of a bird  
or the starting few steps of a child,  
that everything around you are all small miracles  
which are given to you out of love.

- Dave McKenzie

# The Call

I dialed the last number  
and it began,  
The battle started  
once again.  
Go ahead talk,  
find out how he is.  
No! hang up before  
it's too late,  
don't bother him  
he could find  
you if he really  
wanted.

ring . . . ring . . . ring.  
I wish you'd been home.

- Jennifer Burns

Set me Free . . .  
give me the sun,  
the sand,  
the salt water,  
the sail,  
One with the Sea . . .  
Set me Free.  
- Andy Philhower

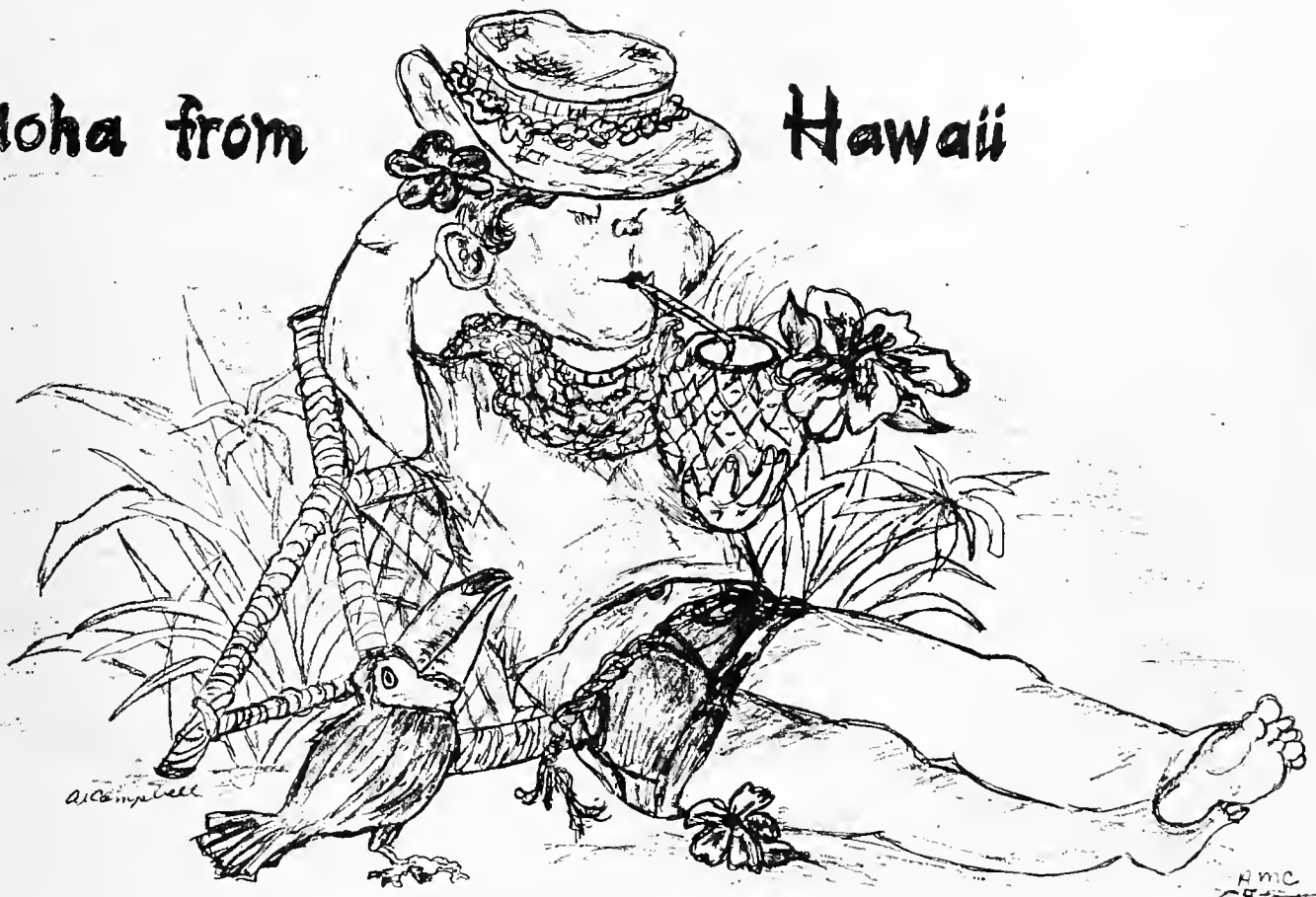
# Why Things Happen

Have you ever felt empty inside and you don't  
know what is wrong,  
And you feel that you can figure it out in  
a poem or in a song?  
Have you ever wondered why certain things  
happen in the world as they do,  
And why certain things were made to be  
something just like me and you?  
Sometimes I just don't understand the way  
in which I feel,  
And I wonder what I'm doing here and if  
it's really real.  
Sometimes I feel that things are confused  
and bundled up inside,  
And I want to go run off somewhere to  
be by myself and hide.  
I don't really know what it is sometimes  
that makes me feel so dry,  
And gets me oh so down in the dumps  
and makes me want to cry.  
I don't really know why people act in  
many different ways,  
And why they sometimes change their  
thoughts throughout all the days.  
Sometimes I feel like something I  
need to know is going on elsewhere,  
And I feel it down deep inside  
even though I am not there.  
Sometimes I feel I think too much  
and it messes up my brain,  
And I really shouldn't do that because  
it causes me too much pain.  
I think the reason I am writing this  
is because I feel this way right now  
And I need to figure out what is wrong  
and I cannot do it somehow.  
I feel that God created me so that  
sometimes I would feel this way,  
And to help me just to realize how  
I need him every day.  
I know I am not the only one who  
sometimes feels this way,  
And God has lots of other people to  
help out every day.  
I know that if I can just be  
strong and let him guide me,  
He will sort out all my confusion and  
sadness and dry my eyes so I  
can see.

- Julie Stiles

# Aloha from

# Hawaii



## Seasons

The Winter seems to separate us  
by more than just miles, not leaving  
any warmth or comfort of love,  
we are alone, we are without  
each other.

The Spring brings hope and anticipation  
knowing that we will soon be together again.  
The Summer arrives and you are with me,  
I am in total bliss now that I am with you.  
We are able to share so many things  
that other people in love share all year round.  
How I wish that it was forever Summer, because  
it is forever Summer in my heart.

- Andy Philhower

# **A BALLAD**

## **His Name is Jesus**

The days are growing longer  
As Christmas Day draws near.  
The clouds of doubt and fear  
Have overshadowed our Christmas cheer.  
But there is no shadow that can come  
Between my soul and Jesus.

The comfort that He brings to me,  
As I speak His Name in love,  
Is overshadowed with the Holy Ghost  
And all the joys of Heaven above.  
There is no fear can come to me  
Unless it touches my Savior first.

He is my champion in every endeavor  
I undertake to accomplish for Him.  
I will praise His Name forever  
As I walk the path of life with Him.  
The days are drawing nearer when  
I shall reap my just reward.  
Until that day I will continue to hold  
On to the mighty hand of God.

The days are getting shorter as I think  
Of all that Jesus means to me.  
The children will be very happy  
As they trim the Christmas tree.  
And all their friends who gather in  
To bring gifts to them this year.

We'll first think of the gift  
Our Heavenly Father gave when  
He sent Jesus the perfect gift of Love;  
Announced by the Angels from heaven above.  
Or the gifts of gold, the frankincense, and the myrrh  
The wisemen brought to Jesus as they  
Followed His star and came to worship Him.  
His name is Jesus, and I shall always love Him.

Jesus Christ is the perfect gift of love.  
He gave to me my soul's salvation  
And there will never be any situation  
In which I find myself that  
My Savior will ever leave me.  
With the Comforter, the Holy Ghost  
To bless my life and see me through  
Anything I ever undertake to do  
Victory shall always be mine!

Margaret H. Fant  
12-17-80





(Photo by Mark Bruck)

## Natural Beauty

The mighty rocks upon which we climb  
for the joy of our accomplishment,  
And the stream which so gracefully flows over the stones  
with the bees humming around,  
Are some of the gifts God gives us free.

You don't really know what His free gifts are  
till you sit all alone and quiet,  
And you hear the sounds of nature  
and you see the beauty of nature  
in every stone, river or tree.

When we sit on a rock in the middle of a stream  
and thank God for the natural beauty around,  
then and only then can we see all His glory,  
and be a part, be thankful and proud.

- Dawn McKenzie





**Photos by  
Mark Bruck**

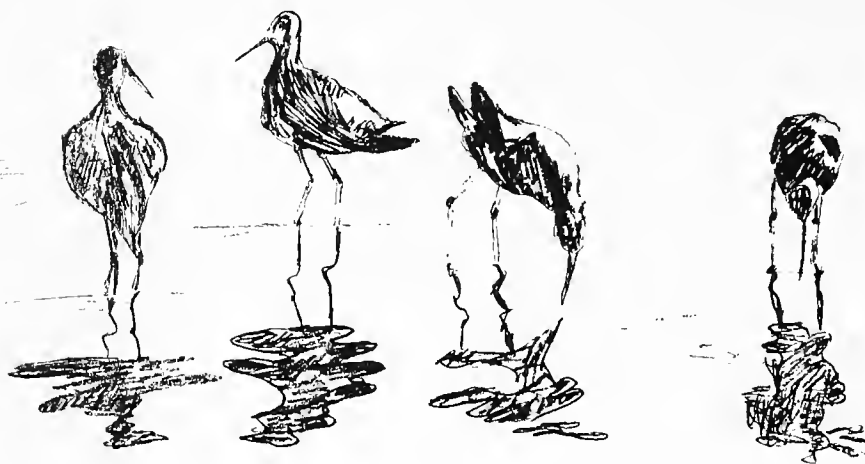
# The Sun Also Rises

The sun also rises on a cold winter day.  
The dawn cracks open the dark dreary sky  
And leads the lonely traveler on his way,  
Softly singing "In the sweet by and by . . . ."

The sun also rises as the traveler starts his day.  
Collecting sticks and stones, I don't know why,  
Looking down the road ready to start on his way  
Softly singing "In the sweet by and by . . . ."

The sun also rises as the traveler lays down his head.  
Never to wake again, he gives a sigh,  
Laying his head on his eternal bed  
Softly singing "In the sweet by and by . . . ."

K. T. Richey



AmC

## Reunion

In a crowded room, I see only his face.  
It seems so distant and out of place.  
He smiles, and I realize  
He's looking at me.  
As we stare, the mem'ries flood back  
As if brought by the sea.

Our first date together,  
Holding hands,  
Our first kiss  
Long walks alone with him,  
Things I now miss.

The way he would hold me  
When saying goodbye  
And when he would tease me  
He might wink his eye.  
How he made my heart flutter  
When he flashed his bright smile  
And I knew I'd be happy -  
He was mine for awhile.

I come back to the present  
Everything's the same.  
But, no, he's close to me,  
And whispering my name.

He takes my hand  
And pulls me away from the crowd  
He tells me he loves me  
And says I'm his now.

I'll smile knowing now  
We'll never be parted.  
Our love had ended  
Before it had started.

The mem'ries I thought of  
Seem happy, not sad  
And I look to times coming  
And not those we had.

He's holding me now  
And saying, "You're mine."  
"It'll last now, I promise.  
We'll make it this time."

- Lisa Gardner

## Closer to You

Sometimes I think  
you don't want me  
to be happy,  
cause you never  
send someone to  
be with me.

But out of my  
depression, each  
time I'm drawn  
closer to you,  
and then I  
realize that  
my time hasn't  
come, to be  
close to anyone  
but you.

- Dawn McKenzie

## XIV

The letters l o v e are mere.  
Its accomplished actions are more.  
Those with the former and not the  
latter are poor.

- Vannie Williams, Jr.

Caring for others  
A warm embrace  
A comforting smile  
A reassuring look  
Unselfishness present  
The smell of her house  
The smell of her food  
The smell of her perfume . . .  
I'll always love and  
remember Grandmama.

- Andy Philhower

Again, tonight  
I cried.  
It's pointless  
to shed  
tears tonight  
for a love that  
died last year.  
But tears don't  
Know about time,  
So tonight  
I cry  
again  
- Jennifer Burns

## Coming to You

One day as I was very confused and very far  
from your word,  
You sent these three children to me and  
I was enlightened from what I heard.  
The first time that they spoke I watched  
the faces of all your other children.  
Some looked ashamed, some puzzled, some  
confident with smiles and I wondered  
where to begin.  
I felt that if they were to look at me  
they'd see that I'd gone astray.  
And now dear Lord, I bow to you  
for forgiveness, hoping you'll take  
me back and lead me the right way.  
One of them had a special way of  
singing your word and it made me  
want to hear more,  
The other two acted out your life  
and the lives of others you taught  
in a way which I'd never seen before.  
The the three of them had a look  
of love in their eyes that made  
me feel brand new,  
And I knew what it was, it was  
you dear Lord, and now I've got  
that love in me too.  
The musical man reminded me that in order to live I must give  
up my life and this showed me why I was so confused.  
I've been trying to make it on my own doing things I hoped were  
right but were wrong. And what I needed to do was to follow like  
a child and realize that in order to be saved I must be used.

- Julie Stiles

# Strangers

Why are we so close, but  
yet so far away.  
I want so much to know  
you, but I don't know what to say.  
We seem to only smile as  
we pass each other by,  
Oh why is it so hard for us  
to say a simple "Hi."  
I cannot understand it,  
why this way it has to be.  
Strangers in our separate worlds,  
like the sand is to the sea.  
Fate is often funny in the  
games it likes to play,  
And it seems our time  
grows shorter with the passing of each day.  
Though I cannot see the  
future, I can look into tomorrow,  
And if we go our separate  
ways, the time was ours to borrow.  
But at least I had a dream  
I know I'll always carry  
forever in my heart, its  
memory I'll not bury.

- Robin Henry

# The Cross by the Lake

The light shines over the calm glassy lake,  
the spirit exists in the air.

The ripples in the water give it a hazy glow  
with the trees lightly covered all around.

The night sets off its beauty with the stars sprinkled among  
And the glow which outlines the trees gives an everlasting feeling,

That tells you, the cross by the lake  
will always glow for Thee.

- Dawn McKenzie

## **The Learners' Hotel**

Gloomingly they go, through fog,  
mist, and chilling rains.  
What drives these scholars to  
submit cruel conditions.

They sit for hours, exercising  
their fingers and ears,  
And on certain days,  
Their minds.

- Vannie Williams, Jr.

## **“Memories”**

Memories are things that happen every  
day,  
Moments as we live them, things we  
do or say.  
Little bits and pieces of laughter mixed  
in with tears,  
Paragraphs and pages written through  
the years.  
The carefree days of childhood the  
growing pains of youth,  
A few illusions shattered in the endless  
search for truth.  
Friendships we remember mistakes  
that we regret,  
The ending of a love affair we never  
could forget.  
But memories keep on happening each  
one a different kind,  
Each one a separate chapter that  
is printed on the mind.  
We can't erase the sadness, or  
edit out the tears,  
We can't undo the wrong, we have done  
we can't relieve the years!!!!  
But since memories keep on happening,  
and each day can be the start,  
of making new and “better” ones to  
store within the heart.

- Helen McGee



# The Last Time

The last time I saw his face,  
The smile that I love was upon it.  
The last time he spoke to me,  
He said my name as in a sonnet.

The last time he held me close,  
And I felt so safe in his arms  
With all his love wrapped tight about me,  
I knew he'd always keep me warm.

The last time he kissed me sweet  
There came a feeling I'd never known before,  
It comes again each time we meet  
And only makes me want him more.

And now - when I see his face -  
The smile that I love is gone.  
And when I try to recall how he spoke to me,  
The memories fade, it seems so long.  
And when he holds me now  
It's in my dreams  
And though he looks the same, he's changed.  
I toss and turn on sleepless nights  
And wonder what it means  
I'll never again feel his kiss  
For he is no longer mine.  
And unlike the hurt - the memories  
Will just grow sweeter with the time.

- Lisa Gardner

Why do I continue  
to punish myself  
Looking at old pictures,  
tickets stubs, pieces of the past.  
Why do I want to return to  
that time.

When you didn't care,  
but I thought so.  
When I was so lonely,  
but didn't see it  
that way.

Why,  
Why,  
Why,  
Escape.

- Jennifer Burns

# A Friend

You are a friend I couldn't forget,  
through sleet and hail I wouldn't forget.  
You are a friend who pulls me out,  
when I am blue, all down and out.

You are a friend who is sincerely true,  
that when you're around I couldn't be blue.  
You are a friend who's very kind,  
'cause you understand all the time.

You are a friend who's very close,  
I have lots of friends but you are the most.  
You are a friend who always grins,  
makes me feel welcome and invites me in.

You are a friend who'll be there forever,  
and I'll be your friend forever and ever.  
You are a friend too good to be true,  
and how I hope you love me too.

- Helen McGee

# Thank You

I'm not exactly sure just what I need to say,  
But there's something that needs to come out  
and this is just my way.

I do stupid things sometimes and it really  
makes me mad.

Because I look at people I love and it has  
made them sad.

I know you want to know, why I did what I did,  
But I can't explain it myself and I feel like  
a mixed up kid.

I thank you for being so understanding and  
giving me a place to cry,

And when I figure out my actions I'll let  
you know just why.

I'm a very lucky person and I don't know  
what I'd do,

If there weren't special people in the  
world who care for others like you.

- Julie Stiles



Faith,  
an unknown quality  
it just naturally  
happens . . .  
like love.

Once I knew  
them both.

But that unknown  
quality was  
abused and used  
torn and twisted,  
till it no longer  
existed.

faith . . .  
unknown.

love . . .  
unknown.

- Jennifer Burns

## **The Storm's Peacemaker**

Fluffy clouds —  
various colors and sizes —  
take over the sky  
like a predator.

Beautiful rainbows —  
wonderously painted —  
are hung among the clouds  
as a peacemaker.

- Dawn McKenzie

## **To Langston Hughes**

You wrote in the language  
of my people.  
You told of their fights.  
struggles and heart aches  
But still no one listens.

You wrote about the Negro mother.  
How she worked her fingers  
to the bone.  
Working to make a better life  
for her children  
Did anyone hear your call?

You wrote your songs about  
little black children being  
Raised in a country where every man  
Is created equal but are not in one.  
Is there anyone listening?

I am listening  
for I have heard your songs  
I heard your calls.  
I know why the caged bird sings.

The bird's song rings ever so loud  
in my ear.  
I can see the hands of my  
Negro mothers  
I can hear the songs of the  
black children.  
For these are my people  
And I am listening.

- K. T. Richey

# Success

Success is speaking words of praise,  
in cheering other people's ways.

Doing your best in all you can,  
with every task and every plan.

It's silence when your speech would  
hurt,

It's politeness when your neighbors  
curse.

It's courage when disaster falls,

It's loyalty when duty calls.

It's patience when hours are long,

It's found in laughter and in song.

It's in the silent time of prayer,

In happiness and in despair.

In all of life and nothing less,

We find the thing we call success.

- Helen McGee

You entered my world  
like a cool ocean breeze,  
something to refresh my life.  
You softly came and  
engulfed me within yourself,  
swept me away from the world.  
You carried me through  
the days with tenderness  
and the nights, like a protector,  
strong within your arms.  
You breathed new life  
into my soul,  
growing without bounds;  
then the breeze,  
as all must,  
pass on . . .  
to touch yet another world.  
An endless journey  
well worth the travel,  
creating happiness,  
spreading joy,  
carrying it all to the  
next destination.

- Jennifer Burns

# The Gift of Love

Into my life you came one day,  
When first I knew, I cannot say,  
What to do and where to go,  
Where to turn I did not know.  
But you were there and heard  
My cry,  
You set me free like a butterfly;  
You gave me life, you made me  
strong,  
You forgave of me when I  
was wrong.  
You helped me up by giving  
your hand,  
You gave me courage in which  
to dream,  
As sure and positive as  
a mountain stream.  
But out of all these gifts sent  
from above  
The greatest of all, was  
your gift . . . of love!

- Robin Henry

# Growing Up

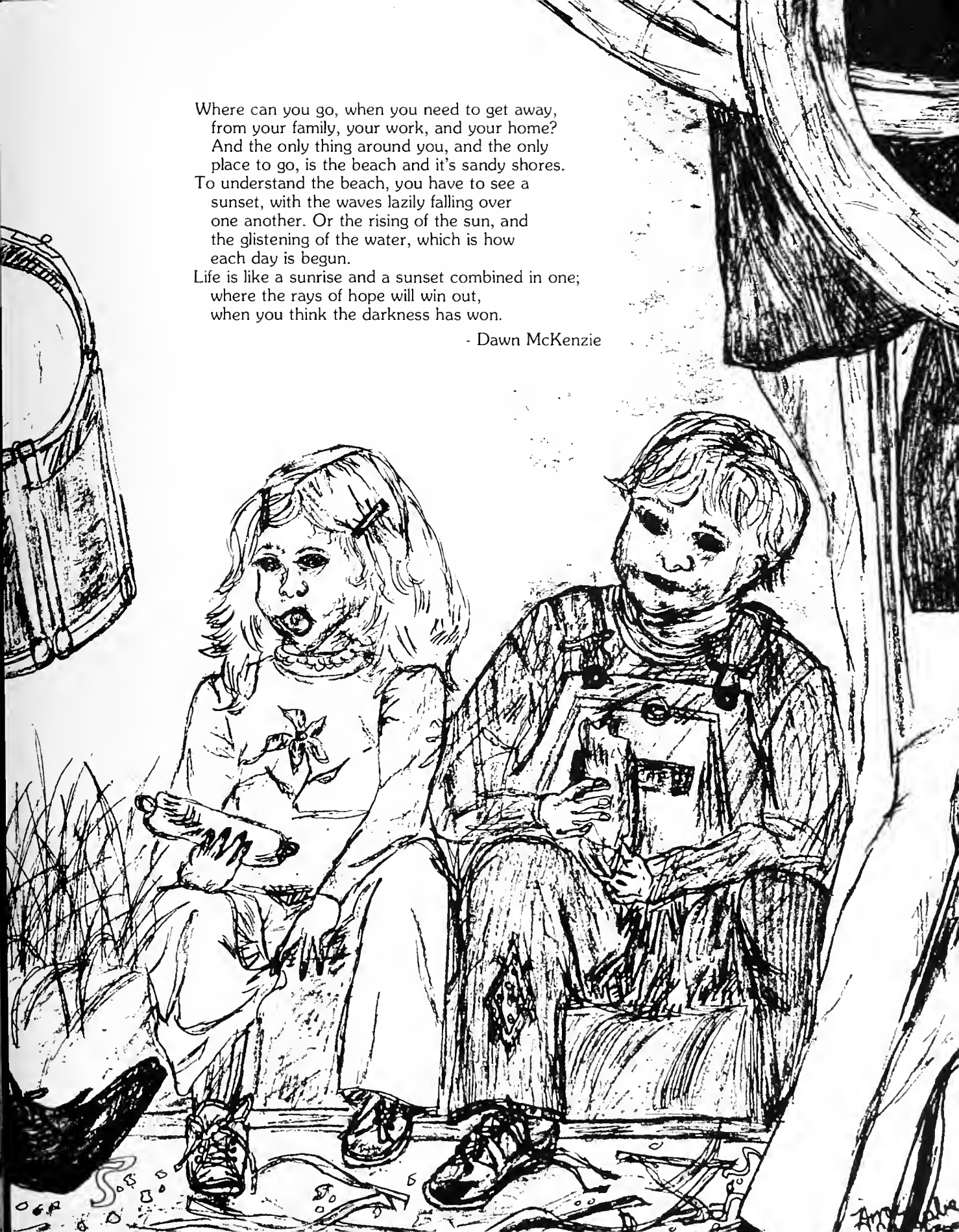
Growing up, I find that one of the hardest  
things for me to face up to,  
Is that life is continuously changing and  
there is nothing we can do.  
When I'm at home I can see that my own  
family is changing.  
And when I look around outside I can see the  
rest of the world rearranging.  
Making friends and being with people I love  
every day;  
It's so enjoyable, but I know the time will  
come when we go our separate ways.  
It's so hard to accept the fact that some people  
I will never again see,  
And saying goodbye I feel is one of the saddest  
things there can be.  
But there is a joy in meeting people because it  
helps each of us to grow,  
We will always be a part of each other and  
this I'll forever know.

- Julie Stiles

Where can you go, when you need to get away,  
from your family, your work, and your home?  
And the only thing around you, and the only  
place to go, is the beach and it's sandy shores.  
To understand the beach, you have to see a  
sunset, with the waves lazily falling over  
one another. Or the rising of the sun, and  
the glistening of the water, which is how  
each day is begun.

Life is like a sunrise and a sunset combined in one;  
where the rays of hope will win out,  
when you think the darkness has won.

- Dawn McKenzie



# Anderson College

Anderson College is the place to be,

Land of opportunity and always free.

Lots of happy people playing in the sun

(Getting sunburned is not much fun).

Anderson College is the place of the hour,

With farout meals which taste like flour.

Anderson College is the place to be,

A place for freedom for you and me.

- Helen McGee

## Our Unforgettable Times

The times that I have spent with you  
are times that are unforgettable.  
It includes all the laughter and all the tears  
that each of us have shed.

The friendship that we have given each other  
is given to us by God,  
and all the tears which we have shed  
show the love we have for each other.

May the Lord Almighty let these times continue  
in both our hearts and in our minds,  
and may He continue to lead our lives  
in a way that is unforgettable.

- Dawn McKenzie

\* Written for the AC choir 1979-1980.



## **Cities in the Dark**

The city is at its best at night, softer, more alluring and mysterious. Buildings take their shapes, not from steel and stone, but from random lights that wink on and off in anonymous windows. Streets fade to streams of color. Gone are the scars and grime of daylight, obscured by shadow. Against a sheet of darkness, traffic beacons, street lamps, and the fireworks of flashing neon form an abstract, living painting of light. The sounds of cars and airplanes echo throughout the room. The stars twinkling, the moon shining, and the crisp air all enhance the beauty of the night.

- Tammy Asmussen

## **We Must Seek**

Many things about his expectations, the Lord  
does not want us to know,  
But the things he does reveal to us will  
surely help us grow.  
We will never know the answers to  
many things around,  
But the Lord above is omniscient and  
he knows where we are bound.  
Many people can grow from others and  
what they've heard,  
And the answer to many of our  
questions is in the Lord's word.  
If we truly want answers we must  
take the time to seek,  
And spend time with others and in  
prayer and listen to him speak.

- Julie Stiles

# Kitumbwa

Kitumbwa  
in a city  
    far from her own  
Kitumbwa  
in a city not  
like her  
native tribe in Africa  
Kitumbwa  
    lost in a maze  
    filled with  
cars,  
        lights,  
        screaming people.

Kitumbwa don't  
    cry  
For everything  
    will be all right.

But I'm lost en dis ciddy?  
    Where am I to go?

Don't worry Kitumbwa  
Come with me  
I'll take you under my wings!

Kitumbwa  
no longer lost  
and alone

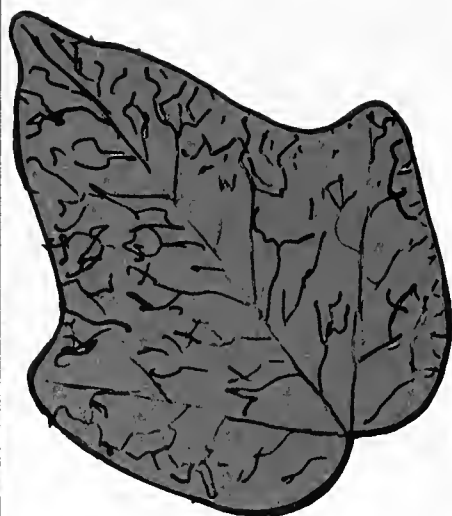
Kitumbwa  
    - K. T. Richey

## **"I Will Love This Way But Once"**

The golden sun of my todays  
    Is forever upon tomorrow.  
Your laughter, your love, your ways  
    are mine but yet to borrow.  
The times we share are all too short,  
    the moments far too precious,  
But we spend those times as  
    If no end would ever overcome us.  
As life goes on and if by chance,  
    we go our separate ways,  
I know I'll love this way  
    but once,  
And remember . . . our yesterdays.

    - Robin Henry





Ivy Leaves